The Usurpation of Athaliah-Remarkable Preservation and Restoration of Joach. God Will Never Allow His True Line to

Paris, Jan. 12.-The Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D. D., of Brocklyn, preached in this city today. He is making his way home, which he expects to reach in the early part of February. Dr. Talmage's text was: "Jehosheba, the daughter of King Joram, sister of Ahaziah, took Joash the son of Ahaziah, and stole him from among the king's sons which were slain; and they hid him, even him and his nurse, in the bedchamber from Athaliah, so that he was not slain. And he was with her hid in the house of the Lord six years."-II Kings, xi, 2, 3. He said:

Grandmothers are more lenient with their children's children than they were with their own. At forty years of of age, if discipline be necessary, clastisement is used, but at seventy, the grandmother, looking upon the misbehavior of the grandchild, is apologetic and disposed to sub-titule confectionery for whip. There is nothing more beautiful than this mellowing of old age toward childhood. Grandmother takes out her pocket handkerchief and wipes her spectacles and puts them on, and looks down into the face of her mischievous and rebellious descendant, and says: "I don't think he meant to do it; let him off this time; I'll be responsible for his behavior in the future." My mother, with the second generation around her-a boisterous crew-said one day: "I suppose they ought to be disciplined, but I can't do it. Grandmothers are not fit to They have exterminated until instead bring up grandchildren." But here, in of one or two copies of the Bible in my text, we have a grandmother of a our houses we have eight or ten, and different hue.

THE RESCUE OF JOASH. I have within a few days been at Jerusalem, where the occurrence of the text took place, and the whole scene came vividly before me while I was going over the site of the ancient temple and climbing the towers of the king's palace. Here in the text it is old Athaliah, the queenly murderess. She ought to have been honorable. Her father was a king. Her husband was a king. Her son was a king. And yet we find her plotting for the extermination of the entire royal family, including her own grandchildren. The executioners' knives are sharpened. The palace is red with the blood of princes and princesses. On all sides are shricks, and hands thrown up, and struggle, and death groan. No mercy! Kill! Kill! But while the ivory Boors of the palace run with carnage, and the whole land is under the shadow of a great horror, a fleet footed woman, a clergyman's wife, Jehosheba by name, stealthily approaches the imperial nursery, seizes upon the grand child that had somehow as yet escaped massacre, wraps it up tenderly but in haste, snuggles it against her, flies down the palace stairs, her heart in her throat lest she be discovered in this Christian abuction. Get her out of the way as quick as you can, for she carries a precious burden, even a young down, sound asleep as he is, and un- him! Jehosheba, conscious of the peril that has been threatened; and there for six years he is secreted in that church apartment. Meanwhile old Athaliah smacks her lips with satisfaction, and thinks that all the royal family are dead.

But the six years expire, and it is now time for young Joash to come forth and take the throne, and to bush into disgrace and death old Atha-The arrangements are all made for political revolution. The military come and take possession of the temple, swear loyalty to the boy Joash and stand around for his defense. See the sharpened swords and the burnished shields! Everything is ready. Now, Joash, half affrighted at the armthe vociferation of his admirers, is scroll of authority is put in his hands, the coronet of government is put on his brow, and the people clapped, and waved, and huzzaed, and trumpeted. "What is that?" said Athaliah. "What she flies to see, and on her way they meet her and say: "Why, haven't you heard? You thought you had slain all the royal family, but Joash has come to light." Then the queenly murderess, frantic with rage, grabbed her mantle and tore it to tatte s, and cried until she foamed at the mouth: "You have no right to crown my grandson. You have no right to take the government from my shoulders. Treason! Treason!" While she stood there crying that, the military started for her arrest, and she took a short cut though a back door of the temple, and ran through the royal stables; but the battle axes of the military fell on her in the barn yard, and for many a day, when the horses were being unloosed from the chariot, after drawing out young Joash, the nery steeds would snort and rear passing the place, as they smelt the place of the carnage. THE LORD WILL PRESERVE HIS SEED.

The first thought I hand you from this subject is that the extermination of righteousness is an impossibility When a woman is good, she is apt to be very good, and when she is bad, she is apt to be very bad, and this Athaliah was one of the latter sort. She would exterminate the last scion of the house of David, through whom Jesus was to come. There was plenty of work for embalmers and undertakers. She would clear the land of all God fearing and God loving people. She would put an end to everything that could in anywise interfere with her imperial criminality. She folds her hands and says: "The work is done; it is completely done." Is it? In the swaddling clothes of that church apartment are wrapped the cause of God, and the cause of good government That is the scion of the house of David; it is Joash, the Christian re-

former; it is Jeash, the friend of God; it is Jeash, the demolisher of Baalit-sh idelatry. Rock him tenderly; nurselim gently. Athaliah, you may kill all the other children, but you cannot kill him. Eternal defenses are thrown all around him, and this clergyman's wife, Jehosheba, will snatch him up from the palace nursery, and will run up and down with him into the house of the Lord, and there she will hide him for six years, and at the end of that time he will come forth for your dethronement and ob-

literation. Well, my friends, just as poor a botch does the world always make o extinguishing righteousness. Superstition rises up and says: "I will just put an end to pure religion." Domitian slew forty thousand Christians, Diocletian slew eight hundred and forty-four thousand Christians. And the scythe of persecution has been swung through all the ages, and the Too late with your prayers. Too late I swing the door wide open. I swing stories, would depart with the words lieve anything? chopped, and the Bastile groaned; but did the foes of Christianity exterminate it? Did they exterminate Alban, the first British sacrifice; or Zuinglius,

or Sanders, or Crans of extermination th at the time when had slain all the rove some Joash would and take the thron wield a very scepter of minion.

THE IMPERISHABLE BIBLE. Infidelity says: "I'll just extermi nate the Bible," and the Scriptures were thrown into the street for the mob to trample on, and they were piled up in the public squares and set on fire, and mountains of indignant contempt were harled on them, and learned universities decreed the Bible out of existence. Thomas Paine said: "In my 'Age of Reason' I have anniington is a pusillanimous Christian, but I am the foe of Bibles and of churches." O, how many assaults that have ever been created on earth are not to be compared with the hostilities against that one book. Said one man, in his infidel desperation, to his wife: "You must not be reading that Bible," and he snatched it away from her. And though in that Bible was a lock of hair of the dead child-the only child that God had ever given them-he pitched the book with its contents into the fire, and stirred it with the tongs, and spat on it, and cursed it, and said: "Susan, never have any more of that damnable stuff here! How many individual and organized

attempts have been made to exterminate that Bible! Have they done it? Have they exterminated the American Bible society? Have they exterminated the British and Foreign Bible society? Have they exterminated the thousands of Christian institutions, whose only object it is to multiply copies of the Scriptures, and throw them broadcast around the world? we pile them up in the corners of our Sabbath school rooms, and send great boxes of them everywhere. If they get on as well as they are now going on in the work of extermination, I do not know but that our children may live to see the millennium! Yea. if there should come a time of persecution in which all the known Bibles of the earth should be destroyed, all these lamps of light that blaze in our pulpits and in our families extinguished-in the very day that infi-delity and sin should be holding a jubilee over the universal extinction, there would be in some closet of a backwoods church a secreted copy of the Bible, and this Joash of eternal literature would come out and come up and take the throne, and the Athatials of infidelity and persecution would fly out the back door of the palace, and drop her miserable carcass under the hoofs of the horses of the king's stables. You cannot exterminate Christianity! You cannot kill Joash!

THE WEAKEST ARM MAY SAVE. The second thought I hand you from my subject is, that there are opportunities in which we may save royal life. You know that profane history is replete with stories of strangled monarchs and of young princes who have been put out of the way. Here is the story of a young king saved. How Jehosheba, the clergyman's wife, With this youthful prize she | must have trembled as she rushed into temple, the church of olden time, un- | Joash. How she hushed him, lest by you hold in your arms the cause of God and good government. Fail, and he is slain. Succeed, and you turn the tide of the

It seems as if between that young king and his assassing there is nothing but the frail arm of a woman. But why should we spend our time in praising this bravery of expedition when God asks the same thing of you and me? All around us are the imperiled children of a great King. They are born of Almighty parent-

age, and will come to a throne or a crown, if permitted. But sin, the old Athaliah, goes forth to the massacre. Murderous temptations are out for the assassination. Valens, the ed tramp of his defenders, scared at emperor, was told that there was somebody in his realm who would brought forth in full regalia. The usurp his throne, and that the name of the man who should be the usurper would begin with the letters T. H. E. O. D., and the edict went forth from the emperor's throne: "Kill everybody whose name begins with T. H. is that sound over in the temple?" And | E. O. D." And hundreds and thousands were slain, hoping by that massacre to put an end to that one usurper. But sin is more terrific in its denunciation. It matters not how you spell your name, you come under its knife, under its sword, under its doom, unless there be some omnipotent relief brought to the rescue. But, blessed be God, there is such a thing as delivering a royal soul. Who will

> This afternoon, in your Sabbath school class, there will be a prince of God-some one who may yet reign as king forever before throne; there will be some one in your class who has a corrupt physical inheritance; there will be some one in your class who has a father and mother who do not know how to pray; there will be some one in your class who is destined to command in church or state-some Cromwell to dissolve a parliament, some Beethoven to touch the world's harp strings, some John Howard to pour fresh air into the lazaretto, some Florthe crazed brain, some John Frederick Oberlin to educate the besotted, some David Brainard to change the Indian's war whoop to a Sabbath song, some John Wesley to marshal three-fourths make queens turn pale, some Joash to

snatch away Joash?

kingdom of heaven. THE PRINCES IN THE CRADLE. by night, there are playing in your and though you may have sometimes nurseries by day, imperial souls wait caricatured the church of Jesus, it is nurseries by day, imperial souls waiting for dominion, and whichever side the cradle they get out will decide the destiny of empires. For each one of those children sin and holiness contend-Athaliah on the one side and Jehosheba on the other. But I hear people say: "What's the use of bothering children with religious instruction Let them grow up and choose for themselves. Don't interfere with their volition." Suppose some one had said to Jehosheba: "Don't interfere with that young Joash. Let him grow up and decide whether he likes the palace or not, whether he wants to be king or not. Don't disturb his volition." hosheba knew right well that unless that day the young king was rescued,

he would never be rescued at all. I tell you, my friends, the reason we don't reclaim all our children from value of truth. They wait until their children swear before they teach them the importance of righteous conversa-tion. They wait until their children to me." O, darkened soul, O, broken are all wrapped up in this world be-fore they tell them of a better world. why do you not come into the shelter? with your discipline. Too late with it from wall to wall. Come in! Come your benediction. You put all care in! You want a place where your upon your children between twelve and eighteen. Why do you not put your burdens shall be unstrapped, the chief care between four and nine? the Swiss reformer; or John Oldcastle, It is too late to repair a vessel when it

coronation. sublimer work than ul saving? That was what thed Paul's cheek with enthusiasm; that was what led Munson to risk was what sent Dr. Abeel to preach under the consuming skies of China; that was what gave courage to Phocus in the Third century. When the mili-tary officers came to put him to death for Christ's sake, he put them to bed that they might rest while he himself went out, and in his own garden dug his grave, and then came back and said: "I am ready;" but they were shocked at the idea of taking the life hilated the Scriptures. Your Wash- of their host. He said: "It is the will of God that I should die," and he stood on the margin of his own grave and they beheaded him. You say it is a upon that Word! All the hostilities mania, a foolhardiness, a fanaticism. Rather would I call it a glorious self abnegation, the thrill of eternal satisfaction, the plucking of Joash from death, and raising him to coronation.

GOD'S ALTAR THE TRUE REFUGE. The third thought I hand to you from my text is that the church of God is a good hiding place. When Jehosheba rushes into the nursery of the king and picks up Joash, what shall she do with him? Shall she take him to some room in the palace? No; 10r the official desperadoes will hunt through every nook and corner of that building. Shall she take him to the residence of some wealthy citizen? No; that citizen would not dare to harbor the fugitive. But she has to take him somewhere. She hears the cry of the mob in the streets; she hears the shriek of the dying nobility; so she rushes with Joash unto the room of the temple, into the house of God, and be very easily detected. No second then she puts him down. She knows that Athaliah and her wicked assassins will not bother the temple a great deal; they are not apt to go very much to church, and so she sets down Joash in the temple. There he will be hearing the songs of the worshipers year after year; there he will breathe the odor of the golden censers; in that sacred spot he will tarry, secreted until the six years have passed, and he come to enthronement.

Would God that we were as wise as Jehosheba, and knew that the church of God is the best hiding place. Perhaps our parents took us there in early days; they snatched us away from the world and hid us behind the baptismal fonts and amid the Bibles and the psalm books. O, glorious inclosure! We have been breathing the breath of tion and respect. But what a pity the golden censers all the time, and we have seen the lamb on the altar and we have handled the phials which are the prayers of all saints, and we have dwelt under the wings of the cherubim. Glorious inclosure! When my father and mother died, and the property was settled up, there was hardly anything left; but they endowed us with a property worth more than any earthly possession, because they hid us in the temple. And when days of temptation have come upon my soul I have gone there for shelter; and when assaulted of sorrows, I have gone there for comfort, and there I mean to live. I want, like Joash, to stay there until coronation. I mean to be buried out

of the house of God. O men of the world outside there, betraved, caricatured and cheated of the world, why. do you not come in presses into the room of the ancient | the imperial nursery and snatched up | through the broad, wide open door of Christian communion? I wish I could wraps the young king and puts him his cry he hinder the escape. Fly with act the part of Jehosheba today, and steal you away from your perils and hide you in the temple. How few of us appreciate the fact that the church of God is a hiding place. There are world's history in the right direction. | many people who put the church at so low a mark that they begrudge it everything, even the few dollars they give toward it. They make no sacri-nices. They dole a little out of their surplusage. They pay their butcher's bill, and they pay their doctor's bill, and they pay their landlord, and they pay everybody but the I ord, and they come in at the last to pay the Lord in his church, and frown as they say: "There, Lord, it is; if you will have it, take it—now take it, take it; send me a receipt in full, and don't bother me soon again!"

SEEK GODLY SOCIETY. I tell you there is not more than one man out of a thousand that appreciates what the church is. Where are the souls that put aside one-tenth for Christian institutions — one-tenth of their income? Where are those who, having put aside that one-tenth, draw upon it cheerfully? Why, it is pull, and drag, and hold on, and grab, and clutch; and giving is an affliction to most people when it ought to be an exbijaration and a rapture. Oh, that God would remodel our souls on this subject, and that we might appreciate the house of God as the great refuge. If your children are to come up to lives of virtue aud happiness, they will come up under the shadow of the church. If the church does not get them the world will.

Ah, when you pass away-and it will not be long before you do-when you pass away it will be a satisfaction to see your children in Christian society. You want to have them sitting at the holy sacraments. You want them mingling in Christian associations. You would like to have them die in the sacred precincts. When you are on your dying bed, and your little ones come up to take your last word, and you look into their bewildered faces, you will want to leave them mar the church's benediction. on't care how hard you are, that ence Nightingale to bandage the batis so. I said to a man of the tle wounds, some Miss Dix to soothe world: "Your son and daughter are is so. I said to a man of the going to join our church next Sunday. Have you any objections?" "Bless you," he said, "objections? I wish all my children belonged to the church. I don't attend to those matof Christendom, some John Knox to | ters myself-I know I am very wicked -but I am very glad they are going. demolish idolatry and strike for the and I shall be there to see them. I am very glad, sir; I am very glad. I want them there." And so, though you There are sleeping in your cradles | may have been wanderers from God,

your great desire that your sons and daughters should be standing all their lives within this sacred inclosure. More than that, you yourself will want the church for a hiding place when the mortgage is foreclosed; when your daughter, just blooming into womanhood, suddenly clasps her hands in a slumber that knows no waking; when gaunt trouble walks through the parlor, and the sitting room, and the dining hall, and the nursery, you will want some shelter from the tempest. Ah, some of you have been run upon by misfortune and trial; why do you not come into the shelter? I said to a widowed mother after she had buried her only son -months after I said to her: do you get along nowadays?" she replied, "I get along tolerworldlings is because we begin too late. Parents wait until their childler shines." I said: "What do you dren lie before they teach them the mean by that?" when she said: "I can't bear to see the sun shine; my heart is so dark that all the brightness

where your tears shall be wiped away. Church of God, be a hiding place to the Christian nobleman; or Abdallah, has got out of the dry docks. It is too all these people. Give them a seat Flach in St. Louis Globe-Democrat. the Arabian martyr: or Anne Askew. late to save Jossh after the execution- where they can rest their weary souls

Flash some light from your chandeliers upon their darkness. With some soothing hymn hush their griefs. O, Church of God, gate of heaven, let me go through it! All other institu-tions are going to fail; but the Church of God-its foundation is the "Rock his life amid Bornesian cannibals; that of Ages," its charter is for everlasting years, its keys are held by the universal proprietor, its dividend is heaven, its president is God!

> Sure as thy truth shall last, To Zion shall be given The brightest glories earth can yield, And brighter bliss of heaven. God grant that all this audience the youngest, the eldest, the worst, the best, may find their safe and glorious hiding place where Joash found it-in

the temple. An Automatic Savings Bank. A Liverpool man has invented an automatic savings lank. When a penny or two halfpennies are pressed into the automatic bank the depositor pulls out a drawer and finds a printed ticket bearing a number in duplicate. He writes his name and address on the ticket, which he then presses into a cavity in the machine made to receive it, keeping the other half with the corresponding number. Thus, when those in charge of the automatic bank clear it of the tickets in order to enter them in proper form in their books, each depositor has the duplicate of his ticket bearing his name and address. In this way absolute accuracy is obtained, and depositors are credited with the exact amount they have put into the machine. Each machine is capable of holding \$25 in pennics or

half pennies, the coins being received the greenies that put their fares into the in tubes, which are so arranged that kerosene lamp box and the crooks that any attempt to pass base coins would try to get off without paying at all, penny can be received by the machine and the old gents with principles until the receipt for the first one has that make the driver come in and been duly removed by the depositor. collect "for their own good," and -New York Telegram. the young ladies that will stop to kiss each other on the platform, and Mrs. Mona Caird, who started the the old ladies that are afraid to get "Is Marriage a Failure?" business, has off, and the boys that hitch on behind,

There is a young giantess 6 feet 8 inches high, said absolutely to be only 12 years old, on exhibition in London. She is a Don Cossack. The fast mail service between New

been studying Buddhism.

York and San Francisco has been reduced to four days, twenty-two hours and forty-five minutes. "What a fine thing old age is," said M. Augier not long before his death. "One is surrounded with care, atten-

that it lasts so short a time." A sturgeon fourteen feet long was caught in the Sacramento river, near Chico, last week. Instead of killing it the fishermen fastened a rope to the body and turned it loose in the river to get fat. They feed it on the entrails of salmon, and the captive likes the

treatment. hands were clean, and his face wasn't Little Jim was but a few years old bad; but it was more likely he was trywhen there was a wedding in the faming to beat me out of five cents than that ily. The aged grandmother kept her the lady was. And if he was a tramphe seat during the ceremony. In telling had money enough about him-they alabout it afterward Jim said: "We all ways have-and after I'd done my best stood up and got married 'cept grand from outside, I stopped the car and went ma! to attend to him. The minute I got in I

A novel advertisement appears in a Gloucester (Mass.) paper. It is from a property holder, and notifies a certain gang of hoodlums that he intends to Sister of Charity. She wore a black bonassert his rights against annoyance. It net and veil, and a white thing under it also reminds the parents of hoodlum around her forehead and under her chin. minors that there is a legal responsi- Her hands were crossed in her lap. She bility for destruction of property, and was as holy and pure to look at as if closes with the remark that if the po- she'd been an angel. I looked at her, and lice did their duty there would be no occasion for the advertisement.

The farmers of the neighborhood of Hiawatha, Kan., are burning corn for fuel, finding it cheaper than coal. Corn is sold on the farm for twenty cents per bushel, while the average price of coal delivered at the farm ranges from twenty-one to twenty-three cents per bushel. The Farmers' alliance brought the attention of the farmers to the relative prices of the two commodities, and advised that half the corn crop be used as fuel, thus advancing the price of the other half and saving money in their fuel bills. The farmers have begun to act on this advice.

The construction of the canals designed to overcome obstructions in the Tennessee river at Muscle shoals has been completed. It was begun by the government in 1873, and nearly \$4,000,000 has thus far been expended on the work. The opening of the canals will give water transportation in the year from Chatnine me Mississippi river.

more charitable than don street sweepers do mer . One of them on being not asked for an opinion replied that it was no use asking ladies for a gratuity; they never did and never would give a poor man anything. Another said that a lady occasionally gave him a penny when her purse was handy. And still another said he never heard of a lady even noticing a poor sweeper.

The marvelous growth of the colonies is now a familiar story. Certainly nothing more remarkable has been seen in the history of the world. During the fifty years succeeding the accession of her majesty, the area governed by the queen, exclusive of Great Britain, increased from 1,100,-000 to 8,400,000 square miles; the European population of the colonies increased from 2,000,000 to 10,000,000; the colored population from 9,800,000 to 26,200,000; and the state revenues of possessions beyond the seas grew from

£24,000,000 to £122,000,000 a year. Z. T. Devore, a Parkersburg (W. Va.) merchant, owns a dog of superior intelligence. The dog goes to the store with the mail every morning, and from it takes the mail addressed to the private residence to Mr. Devore's home. Nothing can divert him while attend-ing to his duties as mail carrier, and he never makes a mistake in taking the letters to their proper direction. Every evening he sees to it that the evening papers are taken to the house, and if by chance the papers should be missing, either by being blown away by the wind or carried off by the boys, the dog makes a raid into some neighbor's yard and hypothecates a paper, which he carries off home.

The Deserving Poor.

As superintendent of the Provident association, which seeks to relieve the distress of the worthy poor, I disagree entirely with the great mass of matter printed and preached about the men- my story. dicant class. This is all to the effect that hypocrisy and false pretense are the rule among the destitute. This I deny. St. Louis has no mendicant class, and the hardest part of our labor is to hunt up and relieve the class of poor whom our organization desires to benefit. The self respecting poor man or poor woman in dozens of instances that come under my notice every winter shrinks from asking alms until he or she has reached state of destitution that is pitiable, and which we never intend should be reached. They sell everything that The city is full of frauds. She made will bring a coin before coming to us, and then in tears and trembling. herself a chance. See now?" Many of them, after awaiting for hours unsaid if we did not look for just such people. We frequently issue relie? tickets, which are returned but half used because the head of the family has found work, and desires not to eat the bread of charity.-Rev. Edward

SOMETIME.

Well, either you or I, After whatever is to say is said. Must see the other die, Or hear, through distance, of the other dead-

And you or I must hide Poor one ty eyes and faces wan and wet With Life's great grief, beside coffin, sealed with silence, yet

and you or I must look Into the other's grave, or far or near. And read as in a book, Writ in the dust, words we made bitter here, Sometime. tione the way

When in we walk together, very soon; ne in the thirst shall stay,
The other thirst shall see the rising moon-

A NEWSPAPER.

Yes, sir; I give it to you straight, or

I'm a Chinaman. Foolin'? No. no: I'm

not. I'm not one to fool; I drove a bob

tailed car too long for that! What with

and the old gents that are going to write

to the papers, and the folks that want

twenty-dollar bills changed, and the

folks you run over, and the wagons that

run into you, I tell you a bob tail car

driver gets savage after awhile and don't

I was savage that day. There were

two folks in the car -a man and a wo-

man-and only one fare in the box. I'd

rung and I'd shouted, but neither of them attended to me. I laid the missing

fare to the man because of his looks. He

was about as poverty stricken as I ever

saw. Not your laboring man's poverty.

A laborer out of work never looked like

that. It was tramp's rags this fellow

wore, and he had the hands of a tramp

too. Under their dirt a tramp's hands

are like the hands of a fine gentleman-

same reason, he don't work. This man's

saw-what it seemed to me sort of queer

I hadn't noticed before-the lady was a

He looked at me-hungry eyes he had

"I paid five cents into your box-isn't

Then I went down toward the lady. It

was my duty, but I found it hard to do.

I stood before her feeling as queer as

ever I did in all my life, and all I could

"Madam, shall I take your fare?"

-a common newspaper.

"It isn't mine," says he.

had only lifted her hand.

back the slide and spoke.

name and residence."

"What for?" I asked.

"No harm," said he.

but I couldn't be rough to a sister."

"All right," he said; and I saw that he

- paper squar

fastening it up in his coat, pinning it

That night I went to Dr. ---, as kind

man as ever lived. I knew he wouldn't

"Now, doctor," I said, "if I'm looney,

"No, no, Jim," said he; "very sane

"I don't want any more of 'em," said

I. Collecting fares of optical illusions

"I should say not," said the doctor.

"But my opinion is that you turned

your back a minute and that the woman

when folks are so sensible they can't be

men have optical illusions now and

charge me for an opinion. I told him

with a black headed pin.

out with it!"

then."

don't pay."

At the next corner he got off.

"The sister there," said L

"The lady says you must take it,"

"What lady?" said the man, taking

she meant the tramp.

"All right, if you did it," said I.

then I said to the man:

"I want your fare."

-and says he: .

say was:

says I.

the paper.

that right, driver?"

feel like foolin'.

minutes left." Oh! fast, fast friend of mine! "Come along, then," said he. He Lift up the voice I love so much, and warnwalked me into a restaurant close by the To wring faint hands and pine. stables, and said: "Call for what you Tell me I may be left forlorn, forlorn-

want," and I named it. Then said he: 'You don't remember me, Jim Brown?" Sag I may his through tears Forever falling and forever co.a. "No. sir," said L One ribbon from sweet years. "You gave me a paper about six One dear dead leaf, one precious ring of goldmonths ago," said he. "A newspaper.

I asked your name." Say you may think with pain "Oh, oh!" said I. "No, sir, I didn't Of some rlight grace, some timid wish to please. know von. I begin to see the likeness, Some eager look, half vain, Into your heart some broken sous like thesebut you-you"-"I know," said he. "I was pretty

well down on my luck, then. See here' -he unbuttoned his coat, a seal skin, bless you, and took out of the breast pocket a newspaper-"read that," he said, pointing to where it was folded. I read it. This is what it said:

away, and it didn't happen again. And

gentleman-about as fine a looking one

as ever I knew-and he, the gentleman,

"It's your dinner time, isn't it?" said

"Yes, sir," said I. "I've got a few

heard my name called.

walked up to me.

"If Ferdinand Melrose will return home all will be forgiven by his dying father," and after that where he was to inquire for "further particulars."

"Well, I am Ferdinand Melrose," says the gentleman. "The black sheep of my family. Long ago my stepmother made mischief between my father and myself. He forbade me his house, and I rather went to the bad. No matter for my story. Besides the fare you inquired about I had only a bottle of laudanum in my pocket. I was going to the Central park to take it. I should have slept myself out of life into eternity, and the city would have seen to my funeral if you had not given me that paper. I went to the place mentioned, and found, as I expected, that money had been left in a lawyer's hands to take me home. When I got there I found that my stepmother had been dead three years, and that my father had been attacked by a disease that must be fatal. We were reconciled. and when he died I found myself a rich man. I had kept Jim Brown's address, and I feel that I owe him something." "Nothing at all," says I. "The ladvhe sister-told me to give it to you.'

"What lady?" said he. "I'd like to know myself," said I, and

then I told him my story. "It is strange," says he. "I could swear that I was the only passenger at the time. I felt so miserable and so shabby that I purposely waited for an empty car. And another thing is strange, Jim Brown," said he. "We have a ghost in our family. A nun is said to appear now and then, always to do good. And my father declared that while he was ill she appeared to him three times, always pointing to my portrait, which hung in his bedroom, and always conveying to him in some way that it was his duty to search for me. In fact, she was the cause of our reconciliation."

us spoke about the thing again; but consin, with a population probably a eating house line I wasn't fool enough to refuse, and, as you see, I'm not a bobtail car driver any longer.

No. I haven't seen anything queer since that time, and I can't say I'm anxious; but whether the lady was a ghost. or what the doctor called an optical delusion, it's certain that she only did good to all concerned. Bless her for coming! -Mary Kyle Dallas in Fireside Com-

JOURNALISM IN GERMANY. She did not answer me, but pointed to Some of the Things Which Make It Hua paper somebody had left upon the seat

and begins to get mad.

morous for Outsiders. An amusing side of journalism in "Give it to him," I seemed to see her Germany comes to light when a newssay with her lips-and by "him" I saw paper is confiscated by the government for political reasons. That is, Now, a paper left in the car belonged it is amusing to people who have seen to me, and I'm a man with a temper, the way the thing is done-the owners and at my wages the price of a paper or publishers of the confiscated paper was something; so, what do you think, don't look at the funny side of it. The then, of my going and handing that first copy of every newspaper must be paper over to that tramp, as meek as sent to the "Staats Anwalt." or public prosecutor, who is the censor of the press. Herr Staats Anwalt, with the "Hers," says I, poking it toward him. press laws before him, carefully reads But my eyes were on the sister all the the paper, while he sips his mug of beer. His eye suddenly lights on a passage which criticises adversely an action or a remark of the emperor. He reads it through, and rereads it. Now, she hadn't said anything; she

"Donnerwetter noch ein mal," he

says. "That must be stopped." He hurriedly draws a blue pencil line around the paragraph and steps Then all of a sudden, while I looked up to his telephone. He asks central at her, the seat the lady had been sitting to connect him with the chief of poon was empty! She hadn't got up on lice. When this functionary is at the her feet or moved. She just wasn't there other end of the 'phone, Mr. Staats any more, and I got out to my horses Anwalt orders him to send a squad of again as quick as I could. Men do go police to the printer of the paper, forout of their heads from overwork, I'm | bid its further publication, and seize told, and I began to think I was going all the copies thereof he can lay his hands on. The chief answers out of mine. I did not dare to look back into the car until the man inside pulled wohl," and repeats the order to his assistant. The assistant turns to his "Driver." he said, "give me your "sub" and transmits it to him, who in turn tells his "sub" what is wanted, and finally, after a long delay, several policemen start for the office of the paper in a hired flacre. In Germany, "Do you mean to try to get me into when the police are engaged in any trouble?' I asked, knowing that there special work, they do not ride in the were "spotters" about and making up ordinary street cars, nor do they walk, my mind that this was one in disguise. but they must hire a fiacre or a coach. "I tried my best to get that lady's fare, This adds secrecy and dignity to the affair. When the policemen enter the "I saw no lady. What do I care about publication office, they intimidate the the fares?" said the man. "If you give frightened foreman into handing over me your name you'll not be sorry for it. all the copies he has in the place. These are taken down stairs and He spoke like a gentleman, for all his thrown into the fiacre. If there are very many of them, another fiacre is "Oh, well, I'm not ashamed of my called. The printers must take the name-it's Jim Brown. This car is No. objectionable matter from the forms, -, and if you want me you can find

and the police make "pi" of it. Usually these officers bear a warrant for the arrest of the editor. The German editor has been there before, however, and on the editorial page of most papers, right under the terms to subscribers, he keeps a name, say, 'Johann Schmidt, responsible editor.' And when there is any arresting to be done the police must wreak their vengeance on Herr Schmidt, who in most cases is some petty writer on the paper. When he is in jail for writing something which he didn't write, the paper pays him a good salary and looks out for his family. The liberal newspapers and socialistic publications always keep a couple of responsible editors on tap, and when number one is in the lockup the name of number two takes his place in the paper until, through some trouble with the police, number three begins his inning. This functionary is called a sitz redak-

got off without paying her fare. Probteur, or seat editor. The seat reably she was not a real Sister of Charity. fers to his sojourn in a dungeon. The penalty of the law increases with each you take the paper to the man to give offense, and after the unfortunate editor has sat several times a new one is I didn't see; but what can you do appointed, who starts in with the mildest punishment for the first offense The real editor usually gets wind of "Twasn't like that-there she was the intended visit of the police and se-

and there she wasn't," said I. "That's cretes several copies of the publication. When they arrive, and he has read how it was." "If it happens again, come to me and their letter of authority, he hands over I'll write you a prescription and make the rest of the papers, which join their companions in the fiacre. The officers you a present of it." said the doctor. read to him the warrant for his ar-

So I thanked him kindly and went rest. When they linish, the editor

weeks went along, and it was winter. and as cold as Greenland, and passensalaried writer here. There stands the responsible editor. gers more bothersome than I ever know-The police scowl at the speaker and 'em, when one day, standing in the march off the responsible editor. It stables, talking to Mike Gallagher, the frequently happens that the newsold fellow that watered the horses and paper has already been sent out and always had a joke for everybody, I distributed throughout the city, in which case the police must travel "You're wanted Jim." said some one, around and get hold of all the copies and I went out into the street, and the they can. They visit every reading man that had called me pointed to a

room and cafe in the city, and cut the obnoxious paragraph out from pa-per on the files. In Vienna there are 700 cafes, and one can imagine what a job it is to visit each one and look for the unfortunate newspaper.

While the police are going rounds of the city, the editor is pre-paring a second edition omitting the article which provoked the wrath of the Staats Anwalt. In the center of the space this omission naturally cre- ested in my business, which will hereates the word "Confiscated" is usually inserted. A Berlin paper from which | name of W. H. GIBBES, JR. & CO. a speech had been taken out, read in the second edition:

"The speaker mounted the platform, and began in a clear voice,

"Confiscated" the foreign newspaper mail is regularly opened and read. When the officials come across something which the; think would lower Russia in the price where value is considered, and estimation of the reader, to say nothing of political utterances, they have ronage from consumers in oar line. a very effective method of doing away with it. A roller, made for the purpose, is dipped in printer's ink and carefully rubbed over the paragraph, after which the paper is wrapped and sent on to its address. Many a Russian reader of German and American publications has received his paper bearing the black mark. If the officials note that some one person is repeatedly receiving such forbidden articles, they report the fact to St. Petersburg, and the person stands an unenviable show for Siberia.—New York Sun.

THE AMERICAS.

Comparative Areas of the Central and South American Countries.

Central and South America embrace an area a little greater than twice the extent of country in the United States and territories, and a poplation of about 50,000,000, or about one-sixth smaller than the population of the re-

Mexico covers an area just about equal to that part of the United States east of the Mississippi river, exclusive of the states of Louisiana and Missis sippi, and has 10,000,000 inhabitants. The five Central American republies of Costa Rica, Guatemala, Honduras, Nicaragua and Salvador cover an extent of country about the size of the five states of New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Michigan and Illinois and have a population equal to both New York and Indiana. Brazil's area is somewhat greater

than that of the United States, exclusive of Alaska, and her population is about that of New York, Pennsylvania and Ohio. The Argentine Republic, with about

half the area of the United States, has a population not quite as large as Pennsylvania. Colombia is nearly equal in extent

to New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, I couldn't say anything. Neither of Indiana, Illinois, Michigan and Wiswhen he insisted on starting me in the little less than that of New York state. Bolivia's territory is somewhat great er than that of the Atlantic states, Pennsylvania, Ohio and Michigan, and has a population about Indiana's figure.

Peru is a little larger than the Atlantic states and Pennsylvania, and her population is about that of Illinois. Venezuela is larger than Peru by about as much territory as is embraced in New Jersey, and her population is about equal to Indiana's. Ecuacor could contain Ohio, New

York, Pennsylvania, Michigan and Hlinois, but her population is not quite up to that of Michigan alone. Chili's domain cut up would make states as extensive as Ohio, Pennsylvania and Indiana. Her population is somewhat greater than that of Indiana.

Paraguay is big enough to include Ohio and New York within her borders, but her entire population scarcely exceeds that of Cleveland.

Uraguay is not quite as large as Ohio and Indiana combined, and just about the same number of inhabitants as Brooklyn, N. Y. The Guianas are English, French and Dutch colonies. British Guiana, twice as large as Ohio, has just about the population of Cleveland. French

Guiana, somewhat larger than Ohio, has about as many inhabitants as Toledo. Dutch Guiana, nearly as large as Pennsylvania, has no more inhabitants than Columbus. - Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Story of a Suit of Armor. If the story related by a Parisian contemporary be true there is a merchant in the French capital who has been singularly favored by capricious Dame Fortune under rather curious circumstances. The paper we refer to relates that recently a wealthy Parisian, a lover of antiquities and curiosities, purchased of the said merchant a suit of armor for the large sum of 300,-000 francs, or £12,000. Before it came into the possession of its present owner the suit of armor had had a remarkable career. It belonged originally, it is stated, to Francois I, and fell one day into the hands of M. de Rothschild, who bought it for 2,500 francs, disposing of it later on to Lord Ashburnham for 25,000 francs.

Years afterward the latter, in turn, sold it to a London dealer in curiosities for 300,000 francs, he again passing it on to an English millionaire for 425,000 francs. When the millionaire died it was left unnoticed in the corner of a lumber room, and the house, being afterward destroyed by fire, the celebrated suit of armor was found among the ruins and passed into the hands of a dealer in old iron. It was unearthed in his shop not long ago by the Paris merchant, who bought it at a merely nominal price and cleaned and restored it, after which he was lucky enough to find a purchaser willing to take it off his hands, as has been said, for the sum of £12,000. So he did a remarkably good stroke of business when he bought it of the dealer in old iron for a mere song.-London Times.

Some fellow has invented a toy whistle which, being blown into, gives the opening notes of "Where Did You Get That Hat?" stopping short with the opening line in a most aggravating manner. The thing will, of course, become a craze, and as great a nuisance as was years ago the pocket telegraph sounder, later the automatic cricket, or the wooden return ball. with its rubber, which every one from first to second childhood seemed to have in hand. -Interview in St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

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